Upheaval

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Upheaval

by Ebyru

Summary

Hannibal can only handle so many people trying to take Will away from him. Abigail is the last straw.

Notes

beta'd by darkflamesash, the-chemical-defect and midorihaven. This took forever, and I'm still not 100% happy with it. Sigh.

For takumilaurant who said: "possessive!Han went feral and claimed Will to assert his dominance and territory" Enjoy?

Lemme just tell you now, there is an abundance of italics -- which is part of the style I was going for. Kind of a blend of two stories at once. (I'm sorry if this attempt is a failure; I was trying something new.)

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: 剧变 (Upheaval) By Ebyru by sanarubya

Drawn Curtains

Abigail takes the key Hannibal has hidden under the mat for her, holding a brown paper bag filled to the brim with ingredients he wrote on a note. With a bit of a struggle, she gets the door open and kicks it shut behind her. She'll have to wipe the shoe print before Hannibal gets back.

"Hannibal?" she says, shuffling over to the kitchen.

She's sweating, wiping it away with the back of her hand as she heaves the groceries onto the counter. She glances around the kitchen; there's a post-it on the side of the teakettle.

Just went out for a moment.

I forgot to write cheese on the list.

-Hannibal

*

Hannibal uses the back door, removing his loafers and leaving them on the carpet. He rolls up the sleeves of his shirt.

It wasn't because of Jack Crawford bleeding Will dry with case after case of sloppy, amateur killers with no style and grace. (If they were at least talented…) It wasn't because of Beverly Katz who tried *so* hard to be Will's friend, pretending to understand him when really no one ever could – unless they *are* him (or a sophisticated, homicidal parallel. See: Hannibal).

He listens for which room she's in, and she calls his name. He shakes her voice from his head; he's not on her side today.

It wasn't Alana who, despite Will's no doubt consistent and reasonable arguments that it *could never work*, tried so hard to pursue him romantically. She went further than Hannibal predicted she would. Her lips soiled Will's; stole part of the innocence Hannibal had been preparing to trap between his fingers and keep in a jar like a firefly. He is precious after all; Hannibal's favourite human being since dear deceased Mischa.

(Hannibal may have gone out and been a bit reckless that night, he'll admit: killing five women who even so much as wore their hair in the same fashion as Alana was not his most

subtle work to date. But there won't be any evidence left behind--as usual. Will's dogs do so love the *treats* he brings them.)

*

There's a second where Abigail stares at the note, wondering why he hadn't called her and mentioned it. She glances around again, taking off her jacket and placing it on the back of a chair.

"Hannibal," she says, craning her neck to see down the hall towards the living room and bedrooms.

She holds her breath, closing her eyes so she can hear if he's at the other end of the house. Not even the sound of whistling wind answers her.

Shrugging, she begins to unpack the food: a head of lettuce, fresh Italian tomatoes, organic boneless chicken breasts, half a dozen red apples. One of them tears through the bag and starts rolling away. She gasps, reaching for it as it nears the edge of the countertop; it falls when she fails to grab it in time.

She stoops down to get it, and when she places it down gently, there's a cloth pressed to her nose and mouth. She screams, gulping in large breaths, and, consequently, the stench that makes her eyes flutter, shutting like blinds.

Lights out.

*

After all those rude and pathetic attempts at dragging Will away from him, it was Abigail – their surrogate daughter. Abigail, the bright and shiny star, Hannibal's well-trained pupil, the person Will and Hannibal were able to bond over and become close to in the same breath.

And she has learned so very well.

Playing the traumatized young girl set Will's fierce empathetic nerves tingling. And as she prolonged it, Will began to speak and think like Garrett Jacob Hobbs - the poor sap. *That* did irk Hannibal; he much prefers the inadequate and rebellious Will he knows and loves. If he wanted to claim an already established murderer, he would have long ago. Where was the fun in that?

The apple rolls away; she bought red ones again, despite knowing how much Will and Hannibal dislike them. He tilts his head when she reaches for it and misses.

And Abigail went on – her father's progeny to the core – easily faking tears and smiles, reminding Will that *he* was not her father, so his strength would crumble like sand castles to be washed away. When he tumbled too far into guilt and misery, Abigail picked him up again with a sweet comment about *pseudo-family* or *comfort*.

She's so busy rubbing the apple off on her jeans that she doesn't hear his footsteps from behind her; he darts in faster than a cobra's strike. Will won't help her escape fate this time.

Hannibal watched with a curious eye, helping from time to time so she wouldn't tip the scale too far on either side. But, as cunning as he is, he never thought to ask *why* she was doing this. His mind thought it amusing to cause Will minor distress, and he assumed she agreed.

She fights him – of course she would; survival is all she knows – and he holds her against his chest, moving away each time her arms flail up to claw at his face. She nearly gets him in the eye. He presses the chloroform harder against her mouth until she becomes limp in his arms, her dark hair covering her slack face.

*

Her eyes strain to see in the dark, but the smells assault her nose mercilessly. Urine, feces, regurgitation, death. And…peanut butter? She breathes it in again to make sure she's not hallucinating.

She's handcuffed to a fence, her hands behind her back, and seated in a chair; something furry sniffs along the cuff of her jeans.

A flashlight is clicked on, pointed towards her. She can't make out who's holding it. But she knows a rat is gnawing on her sock when the light is aimed there.

"W-who's there? Why are you doing this?" she says.

The rat chews on the material, digging with its hungry claws for the smell that's been rubbed against her clothes; the brown stains her jeans at vulnerable areas, and in places where her skin is thicker bits of cheese lie in wait. Squeaking, communicating, calling to others, the rat gnaws and sucks on the peanut butter, skittering upward when it notices the crumbled piece of cheese rubbed into her pant leg. Echoing squeaks begin to approach as the rat digs in for a hearty meal. It chomps down on the bone of her ankle and she squeals.

The person slowly approaches, the beam from the flashlight nearly blinding. A hand stretches out - suit, cufflinks, manicured nails that she sees through the surgical gloves – and a giant piece of cheese is placed on her lap.

"Thank you for providing the ingredients," he says, clicking off the flashlight.

"Hannibal!" she shrieks, her panic permeating every syllable as she strains against her binds.

*

Hannibal pretended she was in a coma as he drove from his home to the closest sewage and purification centre. She was peaceful and quiet; a delight to look at, the way she was before her eyes opened and she became an obstacle.

Most people would throw someone in a river or the nearest body of water, and they would be easily seen, caught. Hannibal is not one of them; Abigail is carried down inside of the sewage system, far from where anyone else would like to be. There aren't many cameras either.

He returned to the surface for the chair, and sat her in it near one of many gates that the sanitation workers come through. It wouldn't be long until she was found. Whatever was left of her after the rats feasted.

*

Nearly as soon as he left the sewer, Alana called him. She was asking after Abigail, of course; she hadn't returned to the hospital yet.

"Did you kidnap her again?" she asked, not as aggressive as the last time. Perhaps the beer he offered her – her own personal brew – had worked in his favour.

"I did, in fact, but I sent her to buy groceries earlier this afternoon," he says on speaker phone, driving away from the place where Abigail's losing her voice. "I was just about to go to the market and ask about her."

"I thought we decided you would ask permission, Hannibal," Alana says, her tone still gentle considering.

Hannibal briefly wishes she would snap at him, so he could add her to his repertoire of business cards. "I apologize, Alana. I will do my best to help with the search. But perhaps she just wants to be alone with her thoughts? We forget what it's like to be that age."

"Yeah, you're probably right," she says, sighing. "Let me know if you find out anything."

*

Abigail was seeping into both of them, and it took her – seemingly innocently – grabbing on to Will's hand during Jurassic Park 3D for Hannibal to finally grasp the entire plan she'd been stitching around them.

From the moment she awoke, bandages around her neck, eyes focused on Will as she said *I remember you. You killed my father*, she wanted to dig her talons into his throat and leave him with scars of his own. She wanted him to taste the bitterness of family ties being torn apart through lies, manipulation, and violence.

She wanted Will – mind, body and soul. So that when the time came, and she let the anger sizzle on the surface, he would have no choice but to submit and give her *whatever* she needed. She wanted to *hurt* Will, really hurt him. Break him down to nothing but blood and skin; tear his heart out and blend it until it was nothing but liquid. She wanted to force herself on him, asking for affection and love, but expecting complete and utter obedience.

Will *would* comply - for forgiveness, to appease the mass amounts of guilt coating his skin like a sticky layer of sunscreen. He would agree to be burnt by a sun if it meant the pain would save him from burying himself alive inside, shoveling through old bones and closets for sanity.

And *that* – her fingers wrapped around Will's, forcing him to hold on to her hand even when he fidgeted, visibly uncomfortable -- was all Hannibal needed to see. Will did not deserve such rough treatment. Not from her, not from anyone. He was so damaged already; why would anyone want to extinguish an empathetic genius like him?

Hannibal intended to make him his, one gentle meeting at a time.

Act Two

Chapter Summary

Hannibal is OCD, that's all I have to say.

Chapter Notes

sex in the next chapter. :)

He might as well be John Doe for how much Hannibal is paying attention. The man across from him weeps about the passing of his pet bird, consistently repeating – despite Hannibal's many attempts to convince him otherwise – that he will not be able to resume a normal life without *Charlie*.

Hannibal passes the man – Jacob Greenwich – a tissue, and reclines back in his leather chair. Jacob continues to cite all the times he spent with his bird.

Taking out a pad, Hannibal pretends to listen, nodding every few seconds, as he jots down notes of what he'll be making for Will.

Some type of grilled chicken salad that is light but provides enough protein.

"Charlie was always there for me," Jacob says, dabbing his eyes with the tissue.

"Mm-hm," Hannibal replies. "I understand." *Abigail bought tomatoes and lettuce; could be used with an olive oil dressing.*

"My mother bought him for me before she passed away," he continues, beginning to sniffle again.

Maybe add avocados, since they seem ripe enough this week. Hannibal glances up, saying, "Yes, it would explain why you are taking his passing so much more difficultly." He keeps his eyes fixed on Jacob. "He is reminding you of your mother's death."

And Jacob becomes a mess of snot and tears again; Hannibal tries his best not to crinkle his nose at him when he passes the box of tissues.

There's no point seeing anyone else today.

*

After cancelling his other appointments, Hannibal prepares the salad he had planned, packing it in a Tupperware. It will await Will's review. *Later*.

He disposes of the red apples in the garbage disposal, and leaves for his office, bringing Abigail's jacket with him.

*

As soon as he's settled in, he tries each of the office chairs, and his own personal one, testing their comfort and sturdiness. Despite the chaise being the obvious choice for many reasons, he decides to use his own --knowing there will be fond memories attached to it afterward.

He loosely ties four scarves to the arms and legs of it, seating himself and practicing on his own wrists just how tight he can pull before it becomes painful. His own pain threshold is very high – not that he lacks faith in Will's abilities – but he knows it won't be necessary to make them hurtful so long as Will feels safe.

Will may see demons throughout the day, but Hannibal does not want to be among them. He wants to be the haven that Will turns to on sleepless nights; wants to offer him advice and affection; wants to be the first person he thinks of when he awakes and before he falls asleep at night.

*

Before he left his home, he removed everything that smelled like where he'd come from. He cleansed himself of the irritation Abigail had brought on, carefully washing the gel out of his hair as well. (He didn't miss the way Will's eyes darkened that morning he came to him, shaken and half-conscious, seeking help for his bout of sleepwalking. Will likes Hannibal as he is, certainly, but he also must enjoy seeing him disheveled.)

Settling in at his desk, his hand hovers over the phone receiver as he takes a deep breath.

Timing and language are both critical in ensuring Will agrees to join him. He's attentive to details, and that includes what people say, which words they employ, and the manner in which they address him. Beyond that, Hannibal knows Will is most susceptible when he's

spent the entire day at a gory crime scene. And if his memory serves him right, Will said he'd be gone with Jack on a case for most of the day.

Glancing at his watch, Hannibal realizes it's seven thirty...He'll take his chances.

Will answers on the first ring. "Hello?"

"Are you free for dinner? I've prepared something light and appetizing with you in mind."

Will clears his throat, no doubt looking at his dogs' pleading faces. "Sure, I'll leave in half an hour. Is that okay?"

Spending quality time with his pack of dogs is important to Will, it seems. "No problem at all. I'll be tidying up in the meantime. Oh, and please meet me at the office."

"Oh, okay," Will says hesitantly.

*

Will doesn't avoid his touch when Hannibal leads him, by the small of his back, to a private room hidden behind the book shelves in his office. He does, however, regard Hannibal with palpable questions that never roll off his tongue.

It's been brewing between them for an age. Friendship through necessity. Companionship through a mutual respect of each other's brilliance. And now lust through homicidal fantasies. That Jack, with his using and discarding of men and women; Beverly, with her peppy and sultry looks; Alana, with her keen eye and gentle words – thought they could keep their fingers dug into Will's soul for long was a joke. And not a particularly funny one.

Hannibal exhales pretense like cigar smoke, blowing it away from the chair he pushes Will into. He stands in front of him, both of them with arms akimbo, watching – gloating, more like – while Will fidgets and shifts like a student about to be disciplined by the attractive teacher he masturbates to at night.

They all want him now, of course they do, but Hannibal chose first. He's protecting Will from them. Abigail, most of all, with her grubby hands, soaked in gasoline. She knew how sensible he would be – just like her father, willing to kill when he couldn't keep what was always his. She knew Will would be the easiest to sink her teeth into.

Will's glasses fog up with how fast his breathing has become. Hannibal uses that moment to secure his feet to the legs of the leather chair, and his arms to the rests. So, so gently. It is Will after all. Not that it will prevent Hannibal from being efficient.

Will's eyes follow every moment, enraptured, too much so to speak or flee. He swallows thickly, leaning back against the seat.

“How long?” he asks, his voice tinged with something so delicate Hannibal wants to cradle it in his sleep.

Hannibal closes his eyes, letting time float between them like single molecules collecting in packages, drawn together like magnets, reaching for each other – the monster in the other. He leans forward, letting the words wash over Will as he speaks. “Since the moment you looked into my eyes to describe how eye contact is misleading,” Hannibal says. “I could tell you were trying very hard not to like me.”

Will laughs down toward his chest.

“Does that amuse you?” Hannibal asks with a curl to his lips, tracing his fingers along Will’s secured wrists.

What amuses Hannibal right now is where Will is, how helpless he is, and yet, how he isn’t struggling to leave. Meanwhile, Abigail is in the same position, much less comfortable than Will, much less safe, much less accepting of her fate. Hannibal can only hope the rats have begun to tear at the thin skin of her ankles.

Will’s mouth makes a clicking sound as he smiles. “No, no. I’m just glad you didn’t say it was because of seeing me in my underwear.”

“That was an interesting meeting,” Hannibal says, recalling it fondly. “You ate with such gusto. I was pleased.” Will reclines further into the chair, only twitching an eyebrow when Hannibal reaches for his glasses. He tells him, “You won’t be needing these.”

Tilting his neck to work out the aches of the day, Will says, “Do I need a safe-word for whatever you’re planning to do to me?”

Folding the glasses carefully, Hannibal allows himself a brief smile. “No.” He pushes them into his shirt pocket.

Abigail must be screaming by now, her throat beginning to burn after each new sound. He can see the layers of skin slowing chipping away, the blood droplets staining her white sock, her pale skin. He can hear the rasp in her throat, taste the fear in every second of every piercing cry she lets out when a claw scrapes against a raw wound, searching for more peanut butter.

Character Exaltation

Chapter Summary

The claiming has begun.

Chapter Notes

sex!

Cutting away clothing is simple with Will bound to the chair. Each length of fabric falls away easily; Will barely acknowledging the fact that he'll soon be completely naked and fully under Hannibal's control. For someone who has such difficulty maintaining eye contact, he is remarkably comfortable with his own body. It's refreshing.

Snip, snip. And his shirt falls apart: threads and cloth and awfully cheap cotton. Hannibal smiles when he presses the scissors against Will's undershirt, his body responding obediently to the cool metal of it, his nipples hardening. Soon that shirt comes undone under Hannibal's steady hands, too.

Will blows his bangs out of his eyes; Hannibal tries not to chuckle at how out of place it is.

"You need only ask if you require help with something," Hannibal says, his fingers tugging at loose threads across Will's chest.

"I'm fine," Will says quietly. He almost makes eye contact, but settles his gaze on the open collar of Hannibal's shirt instead.

On the other hand, she *must not be fine. Her eyes must be swollen from crying, her cheeks stained with tears. By now, the rats may have run out of cheese and have become aggressive toward not only each other, but her. They will continue to chase the smell of it, across the fabric of her pants, nipping it open, ripping into it. And all she can do is watch as the horror of what's to come envelops her in a cocoon of fear and dread.*

Hannibal is kind enough to pull Will's belt through the loops and place it inside one of his desk drawers. When he turns back, he startles Will, and his gaze quickly snaps up to meet Hannibal's. His eyes had been lingering elsewhere, lower down, as Hannibal had leaned over and put the belt away.

Will deserves a reward for his valiant effort at trying to remain a gentleman; Hannibal intends to destroy any part of that within the next few hours, though.

The pants are cut away quickly, carelessly like the rest of Will's mediocre clothing, and Hannibal takes a step back to admire his handiwork. Will purses his lips, looking off to the side defiantly. That simply will not do.

Hannibal drops to his knees in front of Will, crawling forward the few steps it takes to seat himself between Will's spread legs. As Hannibal traces his fingers up Will's thighs, gentle and meticulous, Will strains against the scarves. It's the first time he's done so, and probably won't be the last.

Abigail must be deliriously pleading for her Father, or her dead father, to save her from the torment by now. Like Will, she is surely tugging at her restraints, rubbing the skin of her wrists raw against the punishingly tight metal of handcuffs Hannibal acquired during an FBI outing. She can struggle all she likes; no one will come this time.

The elastic band is snapped against Will's skin in punishment. "Be still, Will. Or you'll begin to hurt my feelings."

"I'm sorry if I'm not comfortable with handing over complete control," Will says, not unkindly, but not without a hint of acridity. His bottom lip is slick and swollen.

Hannibal likes challenges; he savours them, folds them into the lines of his palm, and watches them shimmer as he sets them alight. That is where Will is now. Abigail broke the rules of the game; she was a flame, singeing his cufflinks, turning a blind eye on the one possession Hannibal would not share.

The grey briefs are purposely dragged down quickly to provoke a mixture of shock, discomfort, excitement, and anticipation. Being by Will's side for weeks has given Hannibal great insight into the man and what drives him. What exhilarates him. What frees him from the strain of his gifted mind.

Hannibal glances up at Will who's begun to breathe faster; his cock fills with blood as they continue to look at each other. Resting his arms on Will's thighs, Hannibal leans forward, never breaking eye contact. Without glasses, Will is more inclined to adhere to Hannibal's wishes.

Breathing in the musky scent is a pleasure all in itself, but Hannibal must not get sidetracked by all that is Will. There will be time for delectable observation later. He licks his lips, making sure that Will's eyes are still on him, and grips the base of Will's cock, guiding it inside his mouth. Will jerks up, but Hannibal pushes his hips down, holding him there so that he may control how quickly his mouth slides down to the base.

Abigail, with her eyes squeezed tight. Abigail, with her skin now broken on each thigh. Abigail, a drooling mess as she watches the vermin she is – that reflects her – try to pry her open, to eat her alive.

Will gasps, his head hitting the back of the chair with a dull thud. He stays perfectly still as Hannibal begins to slide back off, his throat fluttering all around the length, tightening and coaxing in hungry alternations. Will's fingers knead into the chair, his nails digging into the leather. Hannibal swallows Will down again, breathing in the sweat and arousal hidden in the curls at the base of his cock.

Hannibal can nearly smell the decomposing substances surrounding Abigail in the sewer. Oh, how she must be drowning in the foulest of human odours, her own beginning to mix in with them.

He doesn't gag, but Will chokes on a moan when he pulls off, dragging his teeth from base to tip. Will's knuckles are white from squeezing the armrests – if he had nails, they'd be chipped away – and his knees are trembling. He's trying so hard not to push up into the welcoming mouth, unaware of just how much strength Hannibal has. *Always the gentleman*, Hannibal thinks grinning around Will's cock, sucking harder.

People tend to hum when trauma is too much, but not Abigail. She is most likely still scratching, fighting as she sees strips of herself being torn away. Her nails may be bleeding, too.

When Will's nails begin to scratch against the wood, his toes curling in the carpet, Hannibal moves away. He stands, walking over to his desk and opening the top drawer. He takes out a handkerchief, wipes his mouth, and then reaches for a small bottle of lubricant.

"Have you ever been with a man, Will?" he asks, keeping his voice low and sensual. If he were to frighten Will now, his plans would be ruined.

Abigail is being expertly pulled apart, and Hannibal is missing it for the beauty of Will's surrender. But if that is taken from him, if Will scares now, sinks into himself, hides behind his glasses and his hair and his shattering glass panel of a mind, Hannibal cannot help but return to her (bringing along his scalpel).

Will's cock bobs as he struggles against the scarves at his ankles. It is as enticing as it is disconcerting. Why will he not allow himself to enjoy what's being given? He stops his restless movements at last, and looks down at the floor. "I went to college," he says in explanation.

"Indeed you have," Hannibal purrs, relief thrumming through him with each step he takes closer.

Rolling his sleeves up, Hannibal covers two fingers in the clear liquid, returning to his place between Will's thighs. This time, he cannot be as patient. His fingers circle the ring of muscles once, twice, and then he's pushing inside. Will screws his eyes shut, silently tense, but his cock drools with pre-come as Hannibal eases his fingers further.

When Will's eyes reopen, he stares down at Hannibal with a newfound hunger, his breathing rapid. His eyes are dark with pleasure, with selfish need, and it's all Hannibal could ever ask for. He moans softly, splaying his fingers as though it can somehow help Hannibal slide deeper.

“It will not be over quickly,” Hannibal says, scissoring his fingers. “But I promise you will want it to continue endlessly.”

Abigail is not as lucky; as she grinds her teeth, kicks out her legs, trying to throw off rats one after the other, they only bring more with them each time. Scaling her like a wall, climbing her like a tree, bred and made to survive almost anything, they will consume her, she knows – she must with how far they’ve come – and there’s nowhere left to run.

Will nods, biting into his bottom lip with sweat collecting on his brow. “Please, just—”

Hannibal pushes a third finger in, pressing inside of Will roughly. He uses his other hand to hold Will’s thighs apart, paying no mind to the erection dripping against his stomach. “I have plans for you, Will,” says Hannibal. He bites the inside of Will’s thigh, driving his fingers in repeatedly. A whimper escapes Will’s lips between heaving breaths, and he stares up at the ceiling, his lips parted and shiny. *Ever the temptation*, Hannibal thinks.

It’s almost too cruel, even for him, but he drags his fingers out suddenly; he leaves Will gaping, empty, and dying for completion. Hannibal wipes his fingers off on the handkerchief as he stands. Will’s skin is flushed a beautiful pale pink, and his cock bounces every time he tries to tug at the scarves to get to Hannibal.

Abigail’s skin must be paler in comparison; the amount of germs, the torture she’s experiencing, the patches of skin she knows she will never regain are all helping her to recoil into herself. She must be emptying of energy, dying for this to end, but the rats are not as quick as the release a gun could offer.

Will is many things, but not above begging. “Please, Hannibal. Please, I need to come.” He swallows, closing his eyes. “Fuck me,” he whispers, sounding almost ashamed of his desires.

“Not tonight,” says Hannibal. The toy is hidden behind his back as he approaches.

Will keeps licking his lips, perhaps because of nerves or because he knows the effect it has on Hannibal. He twists in the chair, his chest rising and falling quickly. Hannibal takes his time coming closer, pulling him apart with only his gaze and the promise of more.

One moment, Will’s lashes are fluttering as he begins to turn away, and the next Hannibal is moving in. The clear dildo is roughly the size of his own erection, and it fills Will up perfectly.

He looks half betrayed with Hannibal hovering over him, nudging the dildo in and out, and pressing it against his prostate whenever he chooses to. Arching up, panting out groans, Will reaches for Hannibal’s mouth, finally seeking out physical contact on his own.

He’s almost there, *Hannibal thinks, pleased. If only Will knew the lengths Hannibal has gone to for them to be here, together, sans distractions or interruptions. Alana must be a mess, searching for her manipulative little patient; Jack is the first she will contact when she realizes Abigail is missing; Freddy will blend in among them, recording bits and pieces of dialogue. They will find the remains too late.*

The dildo rubbing against the lube inside of Will creates a squelching sound, one that nearly overpowers the tiny pleas Will lets out every few seconds. He continues to reach for a kiss, but Hannibal moves away each time, concentrating on penetrating him – *mind, body and soul*.

Will bites his bottom lip, squirming on the toy. He sucks in a harsh breath when Hannibal pushes it just left of his prostrate and leaves it there. “Can’t you-” he pants, “-can’t you let me come now?”

Hannibal taps Will’s thighs in response, nudging the dildo to rest directly against the bundle of nerves. As his skin reddens appealingly, he moans, wiggling to feel it brush over and over. He lowers his lashes, chewing on his lip to draw Hannibal closer.

“No, Will,” says Hannibal. “You will achieve release when I allow it.” He eases the toy out just enough that it isn’t giving too much pleasure. There is one thing he can do—

Holding on to Will’s spread thighs, Hannibal kisses him. When Will tries to steer the kiss, to deepen it, Hannibal pinches his waist. A swipe of tongue follows a graze of teeth as Hannibal nibbles on Will’s open mouth. He sucks on his tongue – careful. He draws blood on the next bite, but just a drop, and swallows it cleanly, not letting himself savour it just yet.

Not until Will is trained. When is he tying the binds himself; opening himself up as Hannibal watches; letting Hannibal fuck him with little to no preparation; when he can endure a scar or two; when he isn’t afraid of biting into Hannibal’s flesh and peeling away the lies; when he’ll know that Hannibal killed more than once to have him.

Will groans and writhes beneath Hannibal, vocally enjoying the mixture of rough pinches and deep kisses. His hands do what his mouth wishes he could, and Will is blind to the abuse his skin’s experiencing. He’s living for what Hannibal gives him now, and it’s exactly how he imagined it would be.

Those thirty extra minutes helped Hannibal prepare for Will’s visit; he stretched himself on his fingers, imagining the reaction that would paint Will’s exasperating features when he realized this was all planned from the phone call. He couldn’t help but to imagine Abigail as well, probably desperate to be in his place, with Will’s length buried inside her. Afterward, he dressed himself and camouflaged all signs of what he’d done.

Hannibal removes his pants and briefs in one glide, but keeps his dress shirt on, hanging from his frame. Will looks about ready to ravish him, and that’s enough to drive Hannibal forward; they’re in sync at last.

Abigail is out of sight, out of mind.

It’s a tight fit for them on Hannibal’s chair, but they make it work. Hannibal does not untie Will despite wanting to feel his fingers kneading into his flesh, and he sits down completely in one long glide. He steals another kiss, pressing his fingers into Will’s neck – not enough to block air, but enough to leave marks – lifting his hips and dropping down onto Will’s cock.

Will is a blubbering mess already, his tongue sloppily lapping at Hannibal's cheekbones and neck, across his lips, inside his mouth. His grip on the chair makes it groan eerily; an echo of the pleasure rippling through them, between them, inside of them. Hannibal lifts himself and lets his weight fall again, pushing the dildo inside of Will mercilessly as he does.

He makes sure to leave marks everywhere he can, just hard enough to sting, never enough to bleed – except on Will's bitten-through lips; they can use some more abuse (or love, depending how you see it).

The flesh gives so easily between his teeth, Will whimpering as Hannibal bites down as hard as he pleases. The taste of blood passes back and forth between their mouths, and Hannibal wraps himself around Will completely, grinding down onto his cock, forcing the toy further between his knees.

It's a cry worthy of the wild, a bubbling mantra of syllables and need that Will lets out in a rush. His lungs must burn with how loud he screams through his orgasm, Hannibal guesses, licking away a drop of blood from the corner of Will's lips.

He can't help but think: is that how Abigail sounds now that the rats are crawling between her thighs?

Sliding off of Will's lap, Hannibal lets the come dribble out of him and onto his fingertips, so he can smear it against Will's skin. Head lolling to one side then the next, in and out of a hazy cloud of post-coital bliss, Will hums at the feel of gentle fingers caressing his chest and stomach. When it's rubbed in evenly across, Hannibal stands between Will's thighs, and strokes his own erection at a maddening pace. He's been holding back for so long.

As soon as Will realizes what's about to occur, his eyes wide, his vision probably still blurring because of the orgasm and lack of glasses, the pleasure shoots through Hannibal as if being pulled by a rope. Stripes of white land across Will's cheekbones, his lips and above his eyes.

Your surrogate daughter wouldn't recognize you now; your hand belongs in mine.

Hannibal cups his face softly, kissing him as though he may break, careful to avoid the mess because he wants it to remain there for a moment longer. Pulling away, he smiles appreciatively, dipping a finger in it to spread across Will's lips. He sucks the taste from his parting mouth.

He says to Will, "I will untie you now. You may clean your face, but do not clean your chest nor remove the toy." Will breathes out a peaceful sigh as Hannibal licks at sweat behind his ear. "Tomorrow, you are mine for the day, and I intend to cover every inch of you."

*

Will passes by Abigail's jacket as they prepare to relocate to Hannibal's home; he sees it, and he says nothing. He glances at Hannibal, then back down at the jacket, stroking the corner of it between two fingers. He lets it fall against the chaise longue.

Hannibal intertwines their fingers when they step out into the hall.

End Notes

comments appreciated :)

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